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THE
C O U N T E S S ' s
E P I S T L E
T O H E R L O V E R,
P O L Y A R C H U S.



*If Love, unarm'd, can stubborn Hearts subdue,
When arm'd, What must the Little Tyrant do?
Acrisius' Guards were always on the Scout,
Yet Guards, nor brazen Gates could keep Love out.*

L O N D O N:

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gate-Hill, and sold by the Booksellers of London and
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THE

COUNTESSES

EPITOME



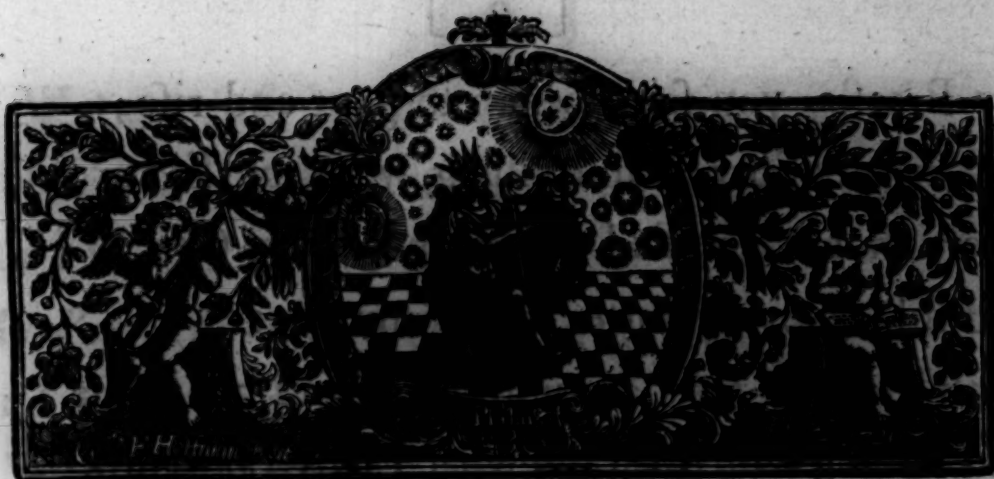
TO HER LOVER

POETRY

If I ever, my dear, could find a friend
Who would love me as you do, I should
Not care to be a Countess, or a Queen,
For I should have you, and you alone.

LONDON

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the Strand.



THE
C O U N T E S S ' s
E P I S T L E, &c.

TO thee, I send, my *Polyarchus*, this,
Joy of my Soul, and my Heart's only Bliss;
To thee this short Epistle I commend,
Kindly receive it from thy blushing Friend:
For who from Blushing can refrain, when she
Thinks on the Time she was seduc'd, like me?

H A P P Y I was when you and ev'ry Swain
Hail'd me the blooming Beauty of the Plain,
E'er at your Pray'rs Love's Goddess eas'd your *Fire*,
Vouchsaf'd to hear, and granted your Desire:

A

My

My Breasts, you said, began to pant and rise ;
 Pleasing my Shape, and killing were my Eyes :
 There shone, you said, a fair and lovely Grace,
 And full as lovely glitter'd o'er my Face.
 With Pleasure then around you spread my Fame,
 And sighing wish'd for — what I dare not name.

THESE were the Prelude to our future Joy,
 Then you more forward grew, and I less coy ;
 Your balmy Words, as *Hybla's* Honey sweet,
 My fond believing Heart leap'd up to meet ;
 In vain I strove to stem the rising Flood,
 Love's Current is too strong to be withstood :
 The *little* Tyrant seiz'd my *Halcyon* Breast,
 Disturb'd my Peace by Day, by Night my Rest.

DEEP in my Heart your Image keeps its Place,
 Which Time, nor yet Enjoyment can deface ;
 How happy should I be, if sure that mine
 Was rivetted but half so deep in thine !
 Then would I rival the fam'd *Cyprian* Dame,
 As great a Passion shew, as strong a Flame
 As hers, when she ador'd the *God of War*,
 Own'd his dread Power, and call'd him Conqueror ;
 When she gave up her self to his Embrace,
 Pleas'd with the manly Roughness of his Face.

W H E N



WHEN first incircl'd in your Arms I lay,
 I blest'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day,
 For I had given to you the *World* away :
 My *Virgin Treasure* was a World to me,
 And I the Victim sacrific'd to thee.
 That Virgin Treasure, cou'd I now recal,
 Still I should greatly fear a second Fall ;
 For Men are *Syrens* turn'd ; and she, who hears
 The Harmony your ev'ry Accent bears,
 To you submits, by you must be undone,
 We see --- but have not Power the Rock to shun ;
 We see the Danger, and yet headlong run.

THIS was, alas ! my poor unhappy Case,
 When I deluded was to your Embrace ;
 This was my Destiny, and this my Fate,
 But in your Arms I found a safe Retreat :
 With Transport I receiv'd your am'rous Kisses,
 And gave, what Lovers call, the Bliss of Bliss.
 We often bath'd our selves in *Cupid's* Stream,
 Such *Baths*, like Oil, do but increase the Flame.

WE love, nor do we burn with common Fire,
 Ours is the mere Perfection of Desire.
 Unless we love, Life's but an empty Name,
 'Twas *Love* that join'd the Universal Frame :

Well

Well worth our while, tho' it but slowly moves,
 And ev'ry Creature, ev'ry Insect, *loves*.
 With strictest Justice our Amours may claim
 Friendship, that manly, noble, sacred Name.
 To me your Heart, and mine to you I gave,
 And both possess'd, what both had wish'd to have.

SOME talk of *Fires* that *shine*, but never *burn*,
 In this *cold World* they will not serve our turn :
 And he that can be courteous, can be kind,
 Yet says he never *kindles* in his Mind ;
 Can touch, without Concern, a Woman's Skin,
 As gently as his own, nor *stir within* ;
 Or can Salute, without the least Delight,
 And make no further Progress if he might ;
 Nor with his Hand, his Lip, nor yet his Eye,
 Does in his Heart commit Adultery ;
 But, as the tender Nurse's harmless Kifs,
 Is to the tender Infant, so is his ;
 Without the Sense of Pleasure, without Taste ;
 Whose Mind and Thought are, like the Turtle's, chaste ;
 Can *play* with Nymphs, and *sport* without a *Fire*,
 Must be all Ice, an Eunuch, or a L---r.

SOME call *Fruition* Love's Antipodes,
 It *checks*, but soon the *Fire* begins to *Blaze* ;

It

It ne'er cou'd quench in us our mutual *Flame*,
 But made Indifference an empty Name.
 What either ask'd, we ne'er refus'd to give,
 And thus we made it worth our while to live.
 The gen'rous Path of Friendship then pursue,
 You live for me, and I live but for you.

ANGELS love Souls ---- so let 'em love for me,
 As *Mortal*, we must all like *Mortals* be;
 Their Love is pure, and mine more unconfin'd,
 I love the *Body*, they love but the Mind:
 Mine more intense and active sure must be,
 Since I give Soul and Body both to thee.

WHY shou'd we for each other fear to *Die*,
 When Heav'n commands *Increase and Multiply*?
 Then, like the *Phoenix*, we'll revive again,
 And often die, but never feel the Pain.
 If ever I perceive my *Flame* decay,
 And when at first you find yours fade away,
 Then kindly come and *light* your Eyes at mine,
 And I'll with Pleasure take fresh *Fires* at thine.

JUDGE, *Polyarchus*, — sure you must judge right,
 What pass'd between us the first happy Night:

B

I felt

I felt you with a pleasing kind of Smart,
 The Kifs went *tingling* to my very Heart;
 The sweetnesss cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
 When it was gone, the Sense behind did stay.
 Love has no Cure --- true Love can never cloy,
 We covet more, when more we do enjoy:
 Love couples Friends, Love's Chain our Bodies ties,
 With Pleasure then our Hearts we sacrifice.

THIS is the Point where mutual Comforts move,
 When happy Lovers have *Returns* of Love;
 Such *Sweets* by Death alone can be destroy'd,
 Bodies were made that they might be *enjoy'd*.
 Sense is enough, where Senses only woo,
 But reas'ning Lovers must have Reason too.

TELL me, my *Polyarchus*, is not this
 The Quintessence, the *Honey-Moon* of Blifs;
 When, to compleat our Happiness, combine
 Our Bodies, and, as close as Lips, they join?
 When each to both is true, and much above
 The vulgar World in Sense, as well as Love.
 Come to my Arms, each cries, and be thou more,
 In one kind Smile, than all you were before.

THUS

THUS in one Circle our Delights did move,
 With Prudence thus we fed our mutual Love ;
 When knowing *Jealousy* began to *Hiss*,
 Her Sting display'd, and *poison'd* all our *Bliss*.

YET *Polyarchus*, I am still the same,
 For you I *burn*, for you preserve my *Flame* :
 The Poles shall move, and from their Axis start,
 E'er I will change my Love, or change my Heart :
 Before my Heart chuse any new Delight,
 The Sun shall loose his Heat, the Moon her Light.

SOONER than quit his *Cleopatra's* Arms,
 Or turn a Renegade to Beauty's Charms,
 The † *Roman Chief* Love's Dictates did obey,
 And for her sake spurn'd *Universal* Sway.
 Can *Polyarchus* an Inconstant prove?
 Ingloriously desert the Field of Love?
 Can you th' inviting Stream almost adore,
 And not prefer its lovely Fountain more?
 Be gone, injurious Thought, unwelcome Guest,
 Thou shalt find no Reception in my Breast.
 In Love 'tis Treason ; you, my Lord, will prove
 Constant and Faithful as the cooing Dove.

W E D D E D

† *Mark Anthony.*

W E D D E D I was, with your Commands comply'd,
 For 'twas your *Will* I shou'd be made a Bride;
 Yet *Hymen's* Rite was but perform'd in Part;
 I gave my Hand, but cou'd not give my Heart;
 With you secure, the Pris'ner hugs his Chain,
 Whose Bus'ness is Subjection, yours to reign.
 With gentle Voice, in softest Language speak,
 And use your Captive kindly for my sake.

M Y Nuptial Vow, how often have I broke!
 And made my plighted Faith a common Joak;
 For 'twas your Pleasure I shou'd perjur'd prove;
 And what cou'd I deny the *Man* I love?

I ne'er refus'd what I had Power to grant;
 I gave you *Ease*, and *Ease* I now do want;
 A small Return I justly may expect;
 But should I meet *Disdain*, or cold *Neglect*;
 If 'tis my wretched Fate to be forgot,
 The friendly Bowl, or Dagger is my Lot.
 Guilty I am, but who the Guilt can prove?
 Or, who was privy to our Thefts of Love?

F O R you I suffer Banishment, Disgrace;
 Oh! whither shall I fly to hide my Face?
 What's *Tantalus's* Thirst, or *Ixion's* Wheel?
Prometheus's Pain? they're nought to what I feel:
 Yet, more than these, for you I wou'd endure,
 And ne'er repine, tho' fure to find no Cure.

F I N I S.



